Christmas Holidays

A Poem

WRITTEN

for the Amusement & Instruction of all

Good Masters & Misses *in the* Known World.

BY

TOMMY Tell-TRUTH. B.A.

THE

Lilliputian Historian.

ADORN'D

with several Curious Copper Plates.

LONDON.

Printed for H. Roberts near Hand Alley almost opposite Great Turn Stile Holborn.

And H. Turpin at the Golden Key in S.t John's Street West Smithfield.

Price Six Pence Bound & Gilt.

Chriſtmas Holidays.

A

P O E M.

I.

THE ſpring, the ſummer, autumn gone,
Each pleaſing proſpect paſt;
What ſtorms and tempeſts then appear,
With many a dreary blaſt!

II.

All leafeleſs, then, alas! each tree
In every grove is ſeen:
No warbling ſongſters now are heard,
To harmonize the ſcene.

III.

But ſnow on every mountain brow,
All cheerleſs to the ſight;
Each pond in icy fetters bound,
And cover'd all with white.

IV.

To man the ſeaſons may compare;
The ſpring is infancy,
When ſports and inoffenſive toys,
[illegible] ſeen in every eye.

V.

By ſummer is our youth expreſt,
To manhood drawing on;
Then love, and all his ſighs and tears,
Employ the mind alone.

VI.

By autumn you may ſee our prime,
Is evident expreſt;
When family concerns, you find,
Preſide in every breaſt.

VII.

When froſt beſpangles all the plain,
Then halting age appears;
And winter, with his dreary train,
But ſhews us our grey hairs.

VIII.

In ſpring, in ſummer, autumn, try,
To cultivate the mind;
The benefits that flow from thence,
In winter you will find.

IX.

And now around the blazing hearth,
The family repairs;
The joke goes round, the ſimple tale,
To huſh, or eaſe their cares.

X.

The bellman, with his verse is heard;
How aweful is the sound!
Each Saint is told, of ancient time,
And now with glory crown'd.

XI.

Tho' plain and simple is the rhyme,
Yet virtuous is the lay;
Ye youths, oft con the moral strain,
And happy shall you be.

XII.

Each parent, now, with anxious heart,
Thinks on the absent boy,
When far at school, their youthful time
In learning they employ.

XIII.

The child, to see the time draw nigh,
The jocund time of year;
When Christmas brings them holidays,
And plenty of good cheer.

XIV.

At length the happy time arrives;
The happy, long-wish'd day;
Each lad looks round with joyous eyes,
At thoughts of Chriſtmas play.

XV.

The Services are dealt about,
The Maſter with them ſtands;
And every boy attentive ſeems,
To hear his kind commands.

XVI.

Mark well, ſays he, what now I ſay,—
Be merry, and be wiſe;
Be careful in whate'er you do,
To bleſs your parent's eyes.

XVII.

Let no falſe toys your minds delude,
Your book remember ſtill;
Avoid the idle, ſaunt'ring race,
For ſloth's a cruel ill.

XVIII.

XVIII.

The taſk I've ſet, obſerve with care;
And when you come again,
In all your tranſports I ſhall ſhare,
Nor ſhall my hopes be vain.

XIX.

So ſhall you prove my care of you,
My duty and intent;
So ſhall you prove your parents' joy,
And crown them with content.

XX.

As different lads go different ways,
With tears almoſt they part;
Each ſhakes his fellow by the hand,
With nature's honeſt heart.

XXI.

Friendſhip's the balm of human life,
Our chiefeſt good below;
May this in every breaſt increaſe,
As upward ſtill they grow.

XXII.

And when the time to meet again
Returns, may each fond breaſt
His fellow claſp, with heart ſincere,
And friendly each be bleſt.

XXIII.

And now the coach goes whirling on,
And ſee, the ſervants wait,
With joyful parents at the door,
Or round the op'ning gate.

XXIV.

Each parent views the darling child;
And anxious ſeems to trace
The features formerly they knew,
In every other's face.

XXV.

The tender kiſs, the ſoft embrace,
Goes mutually around;
They jump, they toy, and every one,
Bids joy and mirth abound.

XXVI.

Ye Lords and Dukes, or greater things,
Ye noble, and ye wiſe;
Leave, for a while, your graver ſports,
For theſe before your eyes.

XXVII.

See how they romp and jump about,
Behold their ſimple toys:
Behold, and if you can for once,
Be virtuous as theſe boys.

XXVIII.

How pleaſing is their various ſports!
How eager they perſue
Tops, marbles, juſt as fancy calls,
And points to ſomething new!

XXIX.

The wide hall echoes with the noiſe,
Yet pleaſing is the ſound,
When ſkittles, by the well-aim'd bowl,
Now rattle on the ground.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YEARS DAY.

XXX.

While ſome at hoop, or blind-man's-buff,
Will paſs the time away;
And the pleas'd parents ſtand around,
To view their childrens play.

XXXI.

The little miſſes, too, are ſeen
With dolls, and female toys;
For 'tis a hoid'ning ſilly way,
To ſhare the ſport of boys.

XXXII.

No care have they for other things;
No hatred, anger, ſtrife:
This is the happieſt hour of fate,
The happieſt hour of life.

XXXIII.

Oh! may each hour of life be ſuch;
As innocent and gay:
May virtue glow in every heart,
To crown each coming day.

XXXIV.

The day once o'er, to bed they go,
And ſleep, devoid of care;
If dreams diſturb, 'tis for next day,
What pleaſures they ſhall ſhare.

XXXV.

Soon as Aurora ſhews the day,
They riſe with great delight;
They urge the ball acroſs the plain,
Then hey! for ſports at night.

XXXVI.

Each trick is try'd for friſk and fun,
Each ſtratagem perſued;
And various gambols go around,
All innocent and good.

XXXVII.

Now in a ring, behold they ſit,
Their paſtime ſtill in view;
Then queſtions and commands are found,
And hunt the ſlipper too.

XXXVIII.

Poor Kitty falls, and breaks her face,
Oh! terrible diſaſter;
But this is mended in a trice,
By help of ſticking plaiſter.

XXXIX.

But Kitty, pray, in time take heed,
Beware you fall no more;
For if you fall when woman grown,
You fall to riſe no more.

XL.

I mean, if once your virtue falls,
For that's your only jewel,
Adviſed in the youthful fair,
Be cautious how you do ill.

XLI.

Before you act, obſerve to think,
Be modeſt,—baniſh pride;
Let virtue reign within your breaſt,
And all your actions guide.

XLII.

The old year gone, the new one come,
And all is mirth again;
The joyful farmer looks elate,
His looks his mind explain.

XLIII.

They jeſt, they laugh, and romp about,
Enquire of this and that;
Of Dobbin, and the old grey mare,
Of Cæſar, or the cat.

XLIV.

The preſents, ſee, of various ſorts,
To maſter and to miſs;
One ſhakes the hand with hearty glee,
And t'other gives a kiſs.

XLV.

May as the day returns again,
Such pleaſures ſtill abound;
And every one as blith and gay,
For many years be found.

XLVI.

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TWELFTH NIGHT

XLVI.

May honour crown their riper years,
And love ſwell every breaſt;
Then Heaven, no doubt, will crown their wiſh,
And make them truly bleſt.

XLVII.

Behold, at length, Twelfth-night arrives,
So pleaſing to us all;
The glorious cake with flags appears,
Within the ſpacious hall.

XLVIII.

One chuſes king; another, knave;
Another, queen or ſlut:
One laughs, and t'other pouts, alas!
At what her fortune's cut.

XLIX.

When Kings and Princes go to war,
The world is but a cake;
They hack and cut it all about,
What havock do they make!

L.

And now the ſports at laſt are o'er,
The holidays are done;
To ſchool each youth muſt go again,
Adieu to Chriſtmas fun.

LI.

With aching heart, each takes his leave,
And poſts away, amain;
They wiſh and ſigh for joy and ſport,
'Till Eaſter comes again.

LII.

Then hey! again, for breaking up;
Mirth brightens up each eye;
And now my arduous taſk is done,
My little friends good bye.

FINIS.

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